Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceive the Divell understands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musician.
La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Lie still, ye theefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hot. Come, i'le have your Song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I live, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'st further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within these 2. hours, and so come in when you will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le but seale,
And then to horse immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exe*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave, the *Prince* of *Wales*, a
Must have some private conference, but be neere at
For we shall presently have need of you. *Exe*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempt
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales devisde,
Which oft the eare of Greatnesse needs must heare,
By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Har
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the hearts